

PEOPLE & THINGS

QUEEN MARY kept a diary for every day of her life since she was in her teens, and in those volumes, which are now in the library at Windsor Castle, there must be one of the most fascinating portraits ever painted of any fifty years of Britain's history.

Mr. James Pope-Hennessy, who has been designated the official biographer of Queen Mary, plans to start his work in the spring, and his first and most enthralling task will be to sit down in the library at Windsor and read this journal from the first volume to the last.

It took Sir Harold Nicolson four years to write his "Life of King George V," but Pope-Hennessy plans to have completed his work by the end of 1958 or the beginning of 1959.



A portrait of Mr. James Pope-Hennessy painted this summer by Lucian Freud.

It is a remarkable tribute to James Pope-Hennessy that he should have been selected at the youthful age of thirty-eight to write the "Life of Queen Mary," and the choice of Queen Elizabeth's advisers is daring and praiseworthy.

A son of the biographer of Charles Dickens, the late Dame Una Pope-Hennessy (his brother John is Keeper of the Department of Architecture and Sculpture at the Victoria and Albert Museum) James Pope-Hennessy was educated at Downside and Balliol. After the war, during which he served in the Intelligence Corps, he was for a time Literary Editor of "The Spectator," and he is now an Assistant Editor of "The Times Literary Supplement."

In 1939 he became the youngest winner of the Hawthornden Prize with his first book, "London Fabric," but he is chiefly known for his "Life of Monckton Milnes" in two volumes—"The Years of Promise" and the "Flight of Youth"—which delighted the critics.

But what caused Queen Elizabeth's advisers to make up their minds, I believe, was a preview of his "Life of Lord Crewe," to be published by Constable's in September, which, I am told, paints a picture of the beginning of this century as brilliantly as in Monckton Milnes, he painted his picture of the end of the last.

Above Politics

MAURITIUS HOUSE is the friend of all Mauritians in London: answering their inquiries, solving their problems, enabling them to read their newspapers from home, giving them "a local habitation and a name"—or at any rate an address. So it was fitting and happy that all the eight delegates from the island's political parties with the Governor, Sir Robert Scott, at their head, who are in London to discuss constitutional changes with the Colonial Office, should have met there for luncheon last Wednesday, together with other distinguished guests.

The luncheon was given and pre-

By **ATTICUS**

sided over by Viscountess Kemsley, founder and chairman of Mauritius House. Divided as they are on political and other issues, the delegates could join there in fellowship and common patriotism for their lovely homeland. Mauritius House has already kept its welcoming doors open for fourteen years. Long may it do so.

"The Rag Trade"

THE Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers is one of the most select clubs in England. The latest recruit to survive the scrutiny of the formidable band of oldest members—Norman Hartnell, Hardy Amies, Digby Morton, Victor Stiebel and Charles Creed—is Mr. Owen, who in private life bears the resounding title of Marquess MacSwiney of Mashanglass. A designer at Lachasse, he is the only top-rank couturier to have begun his career with a fashion house in Dublin.

Curiously enough, there are no women members of the society. The top-flight designers are all men. Wiseacres in "The Rag Trade" (as it is cheerfully called by its members) say that this is because women designers lack objectivity and are apt to design primarily for themselves.

Every summer the society give a party for overseas buyers to view their winter collections, and their president, Lady Pamela Berry, sees to it that it is not the fault of the venue if the guests fail to be dazzled by English haute couture. On the last two occasions she secured No. 11, Downing Street and the Mansion House for the party, and, on Wednesday, at an official reception by the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, with Lady Pamela as joint host, Lancaster House will be the opulent setting for our most beautiful mannequins in our most elegant "rags."

Tele-Golf

ON his return home to Australia Peter Thomson, commenting on his second victory in the Open Championship, makes an interesting point about St. Andrews.

He says there is no course he has played that is better suited for television, and he suggests that if the R. and A. care to make capital out of this fact their fortunes are made for all time.

He points out that, with the holes running together going out and coming in, and with no trees to block the view, the whole course can be watched by only four cameras and that, with the coming of commercial TV, the Old Course will be used much more often for the Open and other championships.

If Peter Thomson is right, we may expect to hear a great deal of hasty wood-chopping going on around the country.

Memo to Ambler

ERIC AMBLER, the supreme writer of spy stories, suggests that an international spy reserve should be created and called "The E. Phillips Oppenheim Park." He recommends the Ile du Levant off the Côte d'Azur as the ideal location, since it abounds in Vauban and Napoleonic fortresses for visiting spies to spy on.

Disabled ex-Servicemen would provide a team of dupes for the amateur, and escapes by boat to the mainland could be run at scheduled intervals and at dead of night. Female spies in the trade in black satin, and a small atomic pile, would be further attractions.

If Mr. Ambler only knew it, these trimmings would not be necessary on the Ile du Levant. Half of it is a secret testing ground for French V-weapons and the other half is a nudist colony.

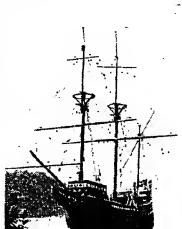
Many-Splendoured Plan

A BIZARRE and adventurous project is going forward down at Brixham. On Thursday, in

Upham's Shipyard, the keel will be laid of Mayflower II, an approximate replica of the brigantine in which the Pilgrim Fathers crossed the Atlantic to found a new community in America.

"Project Mayflower" is the imaginative conception of a group of Britons who want to put some romance into the cliché-ridden talk about Anglo-American relations, and they plan to sail Mayflower II across the Atlantic on the route taken by the Pilgrim Fathers and present the ship to the American people.

If all goes well, the voyage will start on next Independence Day and the ship will be manned by former Royal Navy and Merchant Navy personnel with some thirty passengers.



Mayflower II—a model

A generous donation from one young anonymous "merchant adventurer" has got the bold plan moving, and further contributions are coming forward from the public and from shipbuilding and other maritime interests.

The main difficulty has been lack of detailed records of the original Mayflower, and the builders have fallen back on this five-foot model constructed by Dr. W. A. Baker, naval architect for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, with the help of the Plymouth Plantation Inc., an American organisation dedicated to keeping alive the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers.

There has always been controversy over the original Mayflower due to the fact that, in 1620—the year the ship sailed to America—there were at least twenty Mayflowers on the English registry.

When Sir Winston (then Mr.) Churchill presented a model of the Mayflower to President Truman in 1952, it was said to have been made from the timbers of the original ship. The model was accompanied by a book by Dr. Rendel Harris which told of the discovery of the ship's timbers built into a barn at Jordans in Buckinghamshire—a claim subsequently described by Sir Evelyn Wrench as "too fantastic for controversy."

March of Science

THE Hotel Tuscany in New York recently installed a private radio transmitter for calling personnel in any part of the structure, and the waiters and bell boys were equipped with a vest-pocket receiver.

Unfortunately the frequency used got tangled up with the wavelength of a teetotal guest's hearing aid and he left in a panic after a period of hearing a ghostly Big Brother ordering him to rush Martinis and whisky all over the hotel.

Hush, Dear!

SMALL child watching the cars arrive at Buckingham Palace for Thursday's garden party:

"Mummy, why have all those cars got 'X for Horror' on the windscreen?"